

THE
Complaint of Poetrie,
for the Death of Liberalitie.

Vinit post funera virtus.



LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.

1598.

THE
Complaint of Poetrie
for the Death of Libertine

Printed by J. Sturges



LONDON
Printed by G. S. for John Lagard, and sold
by John at his shop near Temple-bar, under
the Sign of the Hand and Heart.

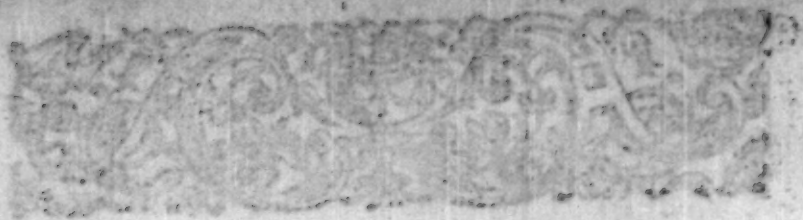
1728



To his VVorshipfull wel-willer, Mai-
ster *Edward Leigh*, of Grayes Inne.

I Mage of that, whose losse is here lamented;
(In whom, so many vertues are contained)
Daine to accept, what I haue novv presented.
Though Bounties death, herein be only fained,
If in your mind, she not reuiue (with speed)
Then will I sweare, that shee is dead indeed.

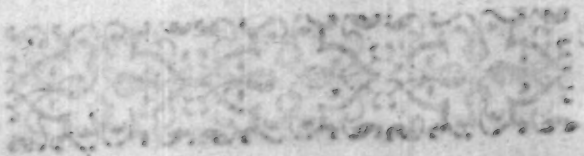




To his V^{er} honorable w^{or}ship, Ma^yor

of the City of London

Mage of that whole is here lamented;
(In whom, so many virtues are contained)
Dane to receive, the same now presented.
Though Bonnet, & such, be only fained,
It in your mind, the same is to be fained,
Then will be sure, that this is here fained.





THE COMPLAINT OF Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie.

WEepe Heauens now, for you haue lost your light;
Ye Sunne and Moone, beare witnesse of my mone:
The cleere is turnd to clouds; the day to night;
And all my hope, and all my ioy is gone:
Bounty is dead, the cause of my annoy;
Bounty is dead, and with her dide my ioy.

O who can comfort my afflicted soule?
Or adde some ende to my increasing sorrowes?
Who can deliuer me from endlesse dole?
(Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes.)
When *Bounty* liu'd, I bore the Bell away;
When *Bounty* dide, my credit did decay.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

I neuer then, did write one verse in vaine;
Nor euer went my Poems vnregarded :
Then did each Noble breast, me intertaine,
And for my Labours I was well rewarded :
But now *Good wordes*, are stept in *Bounties* place,
Thinking thereby, her glorie to disgrace.

But who can liue with words, in these hard rymes?
(Although they came from *Iupiter* himselfe?)
Or who can take such Paiment, for his Rymes?
(When nothing now, is so esteem'd as Pelfe?)
Tis not *Good wordes*, that can a man maintaine;
Wordes are but winde; and winde is all but vaine.

Where is *Mecænas*, Learnings noble Patron?
(That *Maroes* Muse, with Bountie so did cherish?)
Or faire *Zenobia*, that worthy Matron?
(Whose name, for Learnings Loue, shall neuer perish)
What tho their Bodies, lie full lowe in graue,
Their fame the worlde; their soules the Heauens haue.
Vile

for the death of Liberalitie.

Vile *Anaricia*, how hast thou inchaunted
The Noble mindes, of great and mightie Men?
Or what infernall furie late hath haunted
Their niggard purses? (to the learned pen)
Was it *Augustus* wealth, or noble minde,
That euerlasting fame, to him asinde?

If wealth? Why *Cræsus* was more rich then hee;
(Yet *Cræsus* glorie, with his life did end)
It was his Noble mind, that moued mee
To write his praise, and eeke his Acts commend.
Who ere had heard, of *Alexanders* fame,
If *Quintus Curtius* had not pend the same?

Then fith by mee, their deedes haue been declared,
(Which else had perisht with their liues decay)
Who to augment their glories, haue not spared
To crowne their browes, with neuer-fading Bay:
What Art deserues such Liberalitie,
As doeth the peerlesse Art of Poetrie?

But

The Complaint of Poetrie,

But *Liberalitie* is dead and gone:
And *Auarice* vsurps true *Bounties* seat.
For her it is, I make this endlesse mone,
(Whose praises worth no pen can well repeat)
Sweet *Liberalitie* adiew for euer,
For *Poetrie* againe, shall see thee neuer.

Neuer againe, shall I thy prefence see:
Neuer againe, shal I thy bountie tast:
Neuer againe, shall I accepted bee:
Neuer againe, shal I be so embract:
Neuer againe, shall I the bad recall:
Neuer againe, shall I be lou'd of all.

Thou wast the Nurse, whose Bountie gaue me sucke:
Thou wast the Sunne, whose beames did lend me light:
Thou wast the Tree, whose fruit I still did plucke:
Thou wast the Patron, to maintaine my right:
Through thee I liu'd; on thee I did relie;
In thee I ioy'd; and now for thee I die.

What

for the Death of Liberalitie.

What man, hath lately lost a faithfull friend?
Or Husband, is deprived of his Wife?
But doth his after-daies in dolour spend?
(Leading a loathsome, discontented life?)
Dearer then friend, or wife, haue I forgone;
Then maruell not, although I make such mone.

Faire *Philomela*, cease thy sad complaint;
And lend thine eares, vnto my dolefull Ditty:
(Whose soule with sorrowe, now begins to faint,
And yet I cannot moue mens hearts to pittie:)
Thy woes are light, compared vnto mine:
You waterie Nymphes, to mee your plaints resigne.

And thou *Melpomene*, (the Muse of Death)
That neuer sing'st, but in a dolefull straine;
Sith cruell Destinie hath stopt her breath,
(Who whil'st she liu'd, was Vertues Soueraigne)
Leaue *Hellicon*, (whose bankes so pleasant bee)
And beare a part of sorrowe now with mee.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

{ The Trees (for sorrowe) shead their fading Leaues,
And weepe out gum, in stead of other teares;
Comfort nor ioy, no Creature now conceiues,
To chirpe and sing, each little bird forbears.
The fillie Sheepe, hangs downe his drooping head,
And all because, that *Bounty* she is dead.

{ The greater that I feele my grieffe to bee,
The lesser able, am I to expresse it;
Such is the nature of extremitie,
The heart it som-thing eases, to confesse it.
Therefore Ile wake my mule, amidst her sleeping,
And what I want in wordes, supplie with weeping. }

{ Weepe still mine eies, a Riuer full of Teares,
To drowne my Sorrowe in, that so molests me;
And rid my head of cares; my thoughts of feares:
Exiling sweet Content, that so detests me.
But ah (alas) my Teares are almost dun,
And yet my grieffe, it is but new begun.

Euen

for the Death of Liberalitie.

Euen as the Sunne, when as it leaues our sight,
Doth shine with those Antipodes, beneath vs;
Lending the other worlde her glorious light,
And dismall Darknesse, onely doeth bequeath vs:
Euen so sweet *Bountie*, seeming dead to mee,
Liues now to none, but smooth-Tongd Flatterie.

O *Adulation*, Canker-worme of Truth;
The flattrng Glasse of Pride, and Self-conceit:
(Making olde wrinkled Age, appeare like youth)
Dissimulations Maske, and follies Beate:
Pitty it is, that thou art so rewarded,
Whilst Truth and Honestie, goe vnregarded.

O that Nobilitie, it selfe should staine,
In being bountifull, to such vile Creatures:
Who, when they flatter most, then most they faine;
Knowing what humor best, will fit their Natures.
What man so mad, that knowes himselfe but pore,
And will beleeue that he hath riches store.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

Vpon a time, the craftie Foxe did flatter
The foolish Pye (whose mouth was full of meate)
The Pye beleeuing him, began to chatter,
And sing for ioy, (not hauing list to eate)
And whil'st the foolish Pye, her meate let fall,
The craftie Foxe, did runne awaie with all.

Terence describeth vnder *Gnatoes* name,
The right conditions of a ParasYTE:
(And with such Eloquence, sets foorth the same,
As doeth the learned Reader much delyght)
Shewing, that such a Sycophant as *Gnato*,
Is more esteem'd, then twentie such as *Plato*.

Bounty looke backe, vpon thy goods mispent;
And thinke how ill, thou hast bestowd thy mony:
Consider not their wordes, but their intent;
Their hearts are gall, although their tongues be hony:
They speake not as they thinke, but all is fained,
And onely to th' intent to be maintained.

And

for the death of Liberalitie:

And herein happie, I areade the poore;
No flattring Spanyels, fawne on them for meate:
The reason is, because the Countrey Boore
Hath little enough, for himselfe to eate:
No man will flatter him, except himselfe;
And why? because hee hath no store of wealth.

But sure it is not *Liberalitie*
That doeth reward these fawning smel-feasts so:
It is the vice of Prodigalitie,
That doeth the Bankes of *Bounty* ouer-flo:
Bounty is dead: yea so it needes must bee;
Or if aliue, yet is shee dead to mee.

Therefore as one, whose friend is lately dead,
I will bewaile the death, of my deere frend;
Vppon whose Tombe, ten thousand Teares Ile shed,
Till drearie Death, of mee shall make an end:
Or if she want a Toombe, to her desart,
Oh then, Ile burie her within my hart.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

But (*Bounty*) if thou loue a Tombe of stone,
Oh then seeke out, a hard and stonie hart:
For were mine so, yet would it melt with mone,
And all because, that I with thee must part.
Then, if a stonie hart must thee interr,
Goe finde a Step-dame, or a Vsurer.

And sith there dies no Wight, of great account,
But hath an Epitaph compos'd by mee,
Bounty, that did all other far surmount,
Vpon her Tombe, this Epitaph shall bee:
Here lies the Wight, that Learning did maintaine,
And at the last, by AVARICE was slaine.

{ *Vile Auarice, why hast thou kildd my Deare?*
And robd the World, of such a worthy Treasure?
In whome no sparke of goodnesse doth appeare,
So greedie is thy mind, without all measure.
Thy death, from Death did merit to release her:
The Murtherers deseru'd to die, not *Cesar*.

The

for the death of Liberalitie:

The Merchants wife ; the Tender-harted Mother:
That leaues her Loue ; whose Sonne is prest for warre ;
(Resting, the one ; as woefull as the other ;)
Hopes yet at length ; when ended is the iarre ;
To see her Husband ; see her Sonne againe:
" Were it not then for Hope, the hart were flaine.

But I, whose hope is turned to despaire,
Nere looke to see my dearest Deare againe:
Then *Pleasure* sit thou downe, in *Sorrows* Chaire,
And (for a while) thy wonted Mirth refraine.
Bounty is dead, that whylome was my Treasure:
Bounty is dead, my ioy and onely pleasure.

If *Pythias* death, of *Damon* were bewailed ;
Or *Pillades* did rue, *Orestes* ende :
If *Hercules*, for *Hylas* losse were quailed ;
Or *Theseus*, for *Pyritheus* Teares did spend :
Then doe I mourne for *Bounty*, being dead:
Who liuing, was my hand, my hart, my head.

My

The Complaint of Poetrie,

My hand, to helpe mee, in my greatest need:
My hart, to comfort mee, in my distresse:
My head, whom onely I obeyd, indeed:
If she were such, how can my grieve be lesse?
Perhaps my wordes, may pierce the *Parcs* eares;
If not with wordes, Ile moue them with my teares.

But ah (alas) my Teares are spent in vaine,
(For she is dead, and I am left aliue)
Teares cannot call, sweet *Bounty* backe againe;
Then why doe I, gainst Fate and Fortune strue?
And for her death, thus weepe, lament, and crie;
Sith euery mortall wight, is borne to die.

But as the woefull mother doeth lament,
Her tender babe, with cruell Death oppress:
Whose life was spotlesse, pure, and innocent,
(And therefore sure, it soule is gone to rest)
So *Bountie*, which her selfe did vpright keepe,
Yet for her losse, loue cannot chuse but weepe.

The

for the Death of Liberalitie.

The losse of her, is losse to many a one:
The losse of her, is losse vnto the poore:
And therefore not a losse, to mee alone,
But vnto such, as goe from Doore to Doore.
Her losse, is losse vnto the fatherlesse;
And vnto all, that are in great distresse.

The maimed Souldier, comming from the warre;
The woefull wight, whose house was lately burnd;
The sillie soule; the wofull Traueylar;
And all, whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd;
Lament the losse of *Liberalitie*:
"Its ease, to haue in grieve some Companie."

The Wife of *Hector* (sad *Andromache*)
Did not bewaile, her husbands death alone:
But (sith he was the *Troians* onely stey)
The wiues of *Troy* (for him) made aequall mone.
Shee, shead the teares of Loue; and they of pittie:
Shee, for her deare dead Lord; they, for their Cittie.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

Not is the Death of *Liberaltie*,
(Although my griefe be greater than the rest)
Onely lamented, and bewaild of mee;
(And yet of mee, she was beloued best)
But, sith she was so bountifull to all,
She is lamented, both of great and sinall.

O that my Teares could moue the powres diuine,
That *Bountie* might be called from the dead:
As Pity pierc'd the hart of *Proserpine*;
Who (moued with the Teares *Admetus* shead)
Did sende him backe againe, his louing Wife;
Who lost her owne, to saue her husbands life.

Impartiall *Fates*, will no prayers moue you?
Can Creatures so diuine, haue stony harts?
Haplesse are they, whose hap it is to proue you,
For you respect no Creatures good Desarts:
O *Atropos*, (the cruellst of the three)
Why hast thou tane, my faithfull friend from mee?

But

for the death of Liberalitie.

But ah, she cannot (or she will not) heare me,
Or if she doo, yet may not she repent her:
Then come (sweet Death) O why doest thou forbear me?
Aye mee! thy Dart is blunt, it will not enter.
Oh now I knowe the cause, and reason why;
I am immortall, and I cannot dye.

So *Cytherea* would haue dide, but could not;
When faire *Adonis* by her side lay flaine:
So I desire the Sisters, what I should not;
For why (alas) I wish for Death in vaine;
Death is their seruant, and obeys their will;
And if they bid him spare, he cannot kill.

Oh would I were, as other Creatures are;
Then would I die, and so my grieue were ended:
But Death (against my will) my life doeth spare;
(So little with the fates I am befrended)
Sith, when I would, thou doost my sute denie,
Vile Tyrant, when thou wilt, I will not die.

.The Complaint of Poetrie,

And *Bowty*, though her body thou hast slaine,
Yet shall her memorie remaine for euer:
For euer, shall her memorie remaine;
Whereof no spitefull Fortune can bereaue her.
Then Sorrowe cease, and wipe thy weeping eye;
For Faine shall liue, when all the World shall dye.

FINIS.



